ANC
PHANTOM
Lady
AUG.
10¢
PHANTOM LADY.
PHANTOM Lady
BATTLES THE
"KNIGHTS OF THE
CROOKED CROSS!
Also
BLUE BEETLE in
"THE MUMMY WHO
NEVER DIED!"

PHANTOM
Lady
BY GREGORY PAGE
TWO IS COMPANY? OH NO, TWO IS TROUBLE... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY ARE BOTH IDENTICAL... BEAUTIFUL... DANGEROUS AND DEADLY RIVALS IN PHANTOM LADY'S AMAZING MIX-UP WITH "THE BEAUTY AND THE BRAIN!"

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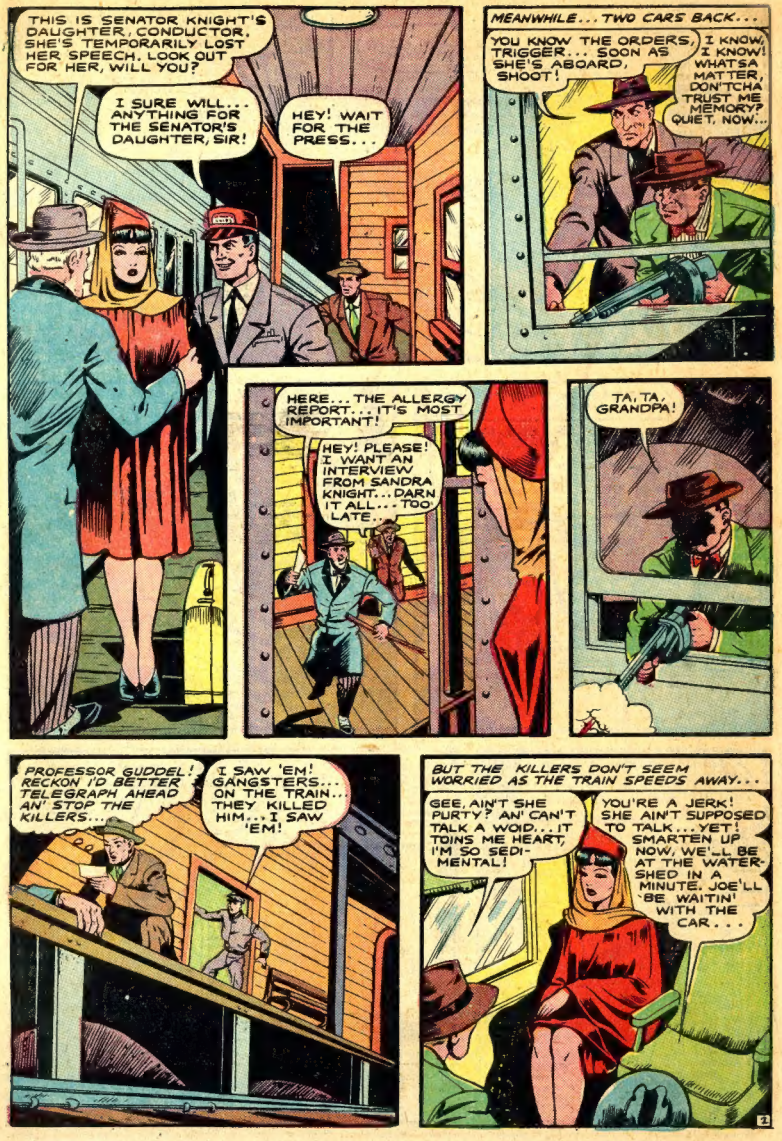
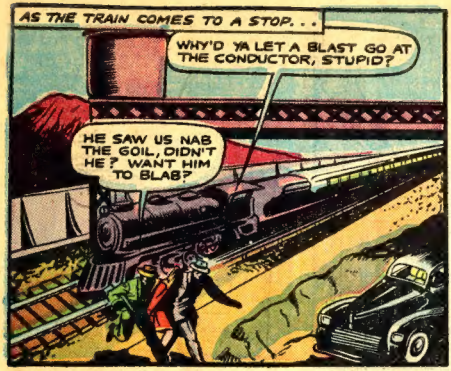
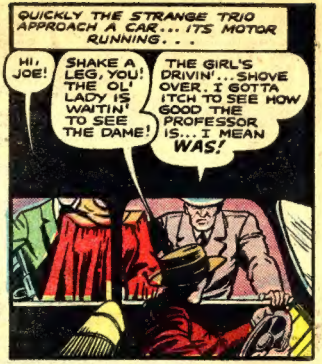
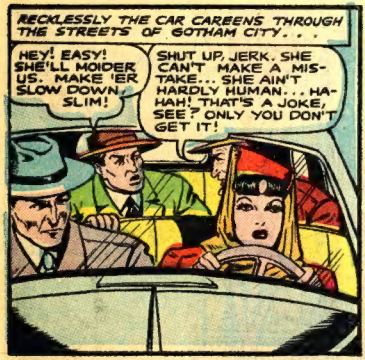
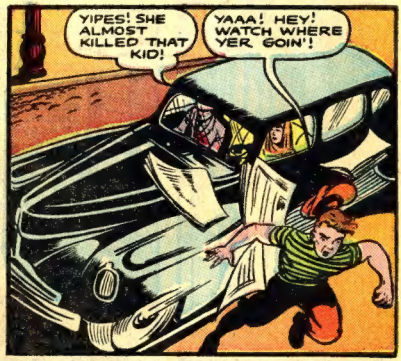

THIS IS SENATOR KNIGHT'S DAUGHTER, CONDUCTOR. SHE'S TEMPORARILY LOST HER SPEECH. LOOK OUT FOR HER, WILL YOU?
I SURE WILL... ANYTHING FOR THE SENATOR'S DAUGHTER, SIR!
HEY! WAIT FOR THE PRESS...
MEANWHILE... TWO CARS BACK...
YOU KNOW THE ORDERS, TRIGGER... SOON AS SHE'S ABOARD, SHOOT!
I KNOW, I KNOW! WHATSA MATTER, DON'TCHA TRUST ME MEMORY? QUIET, NOW...
HERE... THE ALLERGY REPORT... IT'S MOST IMPORTANT!
HEY! PLEASE! I WANT AN INTERVIEW FROM SANDRA KNIGHT... DARN IT ALL... TOO LATE...
TA, TA, GRANDPA!
PROFESSOR GUDDEL! RECKON I'D BETTER TELEGRAPH AHEAD AN' STOP THE KILLERS...
I SAW 'EM! GANGSTERS... ON THE TRAIN... THEY KILLED HIM... I SAW 'EM!
BUT THE KILLERS DON'T SEEM WORRIED AS THE TRAIN SPEEDS AWAY...
GEE, AIN'T SHE PURTY? AN' CAN'T TALK A WORD... IT TOINS ME HEART, I'M SO SEDI-MENTAL!
YOU'RE A JERK! SHE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TALK... YET! SMARTEN UP NOW, WE'LL BE AT THE WATER-SHED IN A MINUTE. JOE'LL BE WAITIN' WITH THE CAR...

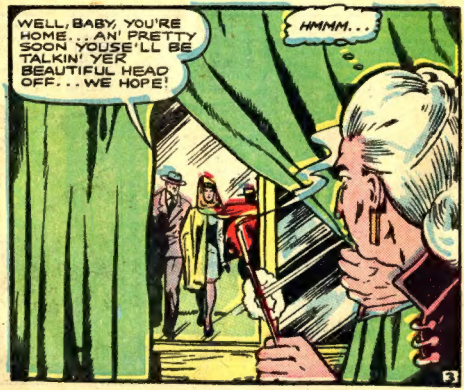

AS THE TRAIN COMES TO A STOP. . .
WHY'D YA LET A BLAST GO AT THE CONDUCTOR, STUPID?
HE SAW US NAB THE GOIL, DIDN'T HE? WANT HIM TO BLAB?


QUICKLY THE STRANGE TRIO APPROACH A CAR... ITS MOTOR RUNNING. . .
HI, JOE!
SHAKE A LEG, YOU! THE OL' LADY IS WAITIN' TO SEE THE DAME!
THE GIRL'S DRIVIN'... SHOVE OVER. I GOTTA ITCH TO SEE HOW GOOD THE PROFESSOR IS... I MEAN WAS!


RECKLESSLY THE CAR CAREENS THROUGH THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY. . .
HEY! EASY! SHE'LL MOIDER US. MAKE 'ER SLOW DOWN, SLIM!
SHUT UP, JERK. SHE CAN'T MAKE A MISTAKE... SHE AIN'T HARDLY HUMAN... HAHAH! THAT'S A JOKE, SEE? ONLY YOU DON'T GET IT!


YIPES! SHE ALMOST KILLED THAT KID!
YAAA! HEY! WATCH WHERE YER GOIN'!

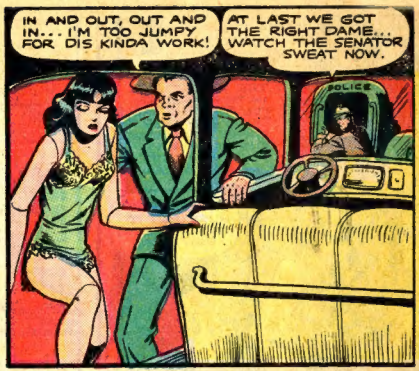
I'M GONNA RESIGN FROM DIS BUSINESS, SLIM... HONEST! I AIN'T GOT THE HEART FER IT. DAT DAME AIN'T NATURAL!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', TRIGGER! YOU'LL DIE LAUGHIN' WHEN YOU LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT HER!

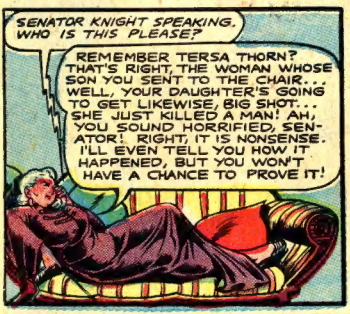

WELL, BABY, YOU'RE HOME... AN' PRETTY SOON YOUSE'LL BE TALKIN' YER BEAUTIFUL HEAD OFF... WE HOPE!
HMMM...

WELL, DEARIE, I'VE WAITED SOME TIME FOR THIS. YES, YOU'RE A MARVEL... YOU ARE INDEED! EXACTLY LIKE THE REAL SANDRA KNIGHT!
SEE? THAT'S THE JOKE. SHE AIN'T REAL, SHE'S A ROBOT. YOU ERASED THE GUY WHAT MADE HER!
Y- YEAH.
...BUT ALMOST HUMAN SHE IS. WITH THIS LITTLE BOX I CONTROL YOU, DEARIE. I MADE YOU FRIGHTEN THAT NEWSY AS A TEST. WEAR THIS RING AND I WILL TRANSMIT YOUR SPEECH FOR YOU THROUGH THE INDUCTION BOX. YOU MUST WORK HARD FOR OLD TERSA, DEARIE!
HOW BEAUTIFUL... I LOVE SHINY THINGS... I WANT MORE!
HOW BEAUTIFUL... I LOVE SHINY THINGS... I WANT MORE!
SHE'S PERFECT! SHE'LL START WORK TOMORROW... TWENTY YEARS I'VE WAITED... AT LAST I CAN SHOW SENATOR KNIGHT WHO'S THE CLEVER ONE. HE'S FORGOTTEN... BUT NOT TERSA THORN!
HE WAS ONLY A PUNK LAWYER WHEN HE SENT YER KID TO THE CHAIR IN '25...
I DON'T GET IT! SHE IS, BUT SHE AIN'T!
THE NEXT MORNING...
I MUST GO IN HERE AND SEE ALL THE SHINY STONES!
JEWELRY
NOW I WILL TAKE THEM HOME AND PLAY WITH THEM...
WELL, MISS KNIGHT... ER... IF YOU WOULD KINDLY... ER...
I WILL KILL THIS FOOL WHO DENIES ME THE SHINY STONES...
HELP!
MURDER!
AUGHH!
SHE SHOT HIM!
4

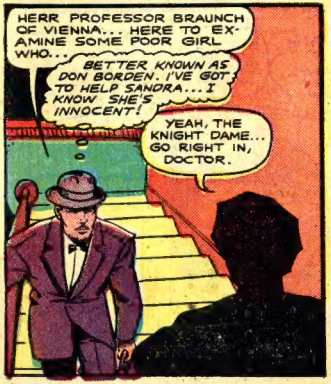
YES, I KILLED HIM... HE WOULDN'T GIVE ME THE STONES... I MURDERED HIM!
WELL, I'LL BE... OKAY, MISS KNIGHT, STEP UP, PLEASE... WE'RE GOING FOR A NICE LITTLE RIDE!
POLICE
MEANWHILE, THE GENUINE SANDRA KNIGHT IS JUST AWAKENING...
HO, HUM! ANOTHER DAY. HOPE SOMETHING HAPPENS FOR A CHANGE... I HAVEN'T PUT PHANTOM LADY TO WORK FOR WEEKS... SOMEONE'S KNOCKING... COMING!
YES... OHHHH!
SORRY, BABY!
COME ON, SLIM... I DON'T LIKE SOCKIN' DAMES...
WHAT'S THIS TRINKET? MIGHT BE ABLE TO HOCK IT!
STEP ON IT, TRIGGER! THAT PATROL WAGON'LL BE REACHIN' BOLIVAR SQUARE IN A MINUTE. WE GOTTA BE THERE WHEN THE BOYS START DOIN' THEIR STUFF...
I DON'T GET IT. WHY WE GOTTA SUBSTITUTE THIS DAME FOR THE PHONY DAME THE COPS GOT?
BOLIVAR SQUARE...
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE STUCK, MIKE, BUT I GUESS SANDRA KNIGHT WILL KEEP BACK THERE, HA-HA!
VAN
BOLIVAR SQ.
5

I'LL PUT MY CLOTHES ON THE OTHER GIRL...
PERFECT TIMING. THE GUYS DID A GOOD JOB. WE'LL MAKE THE SWITCH AN' BEAT IT. IN YOU GO, GIRLIE!
STEP ON IT, SLIM!

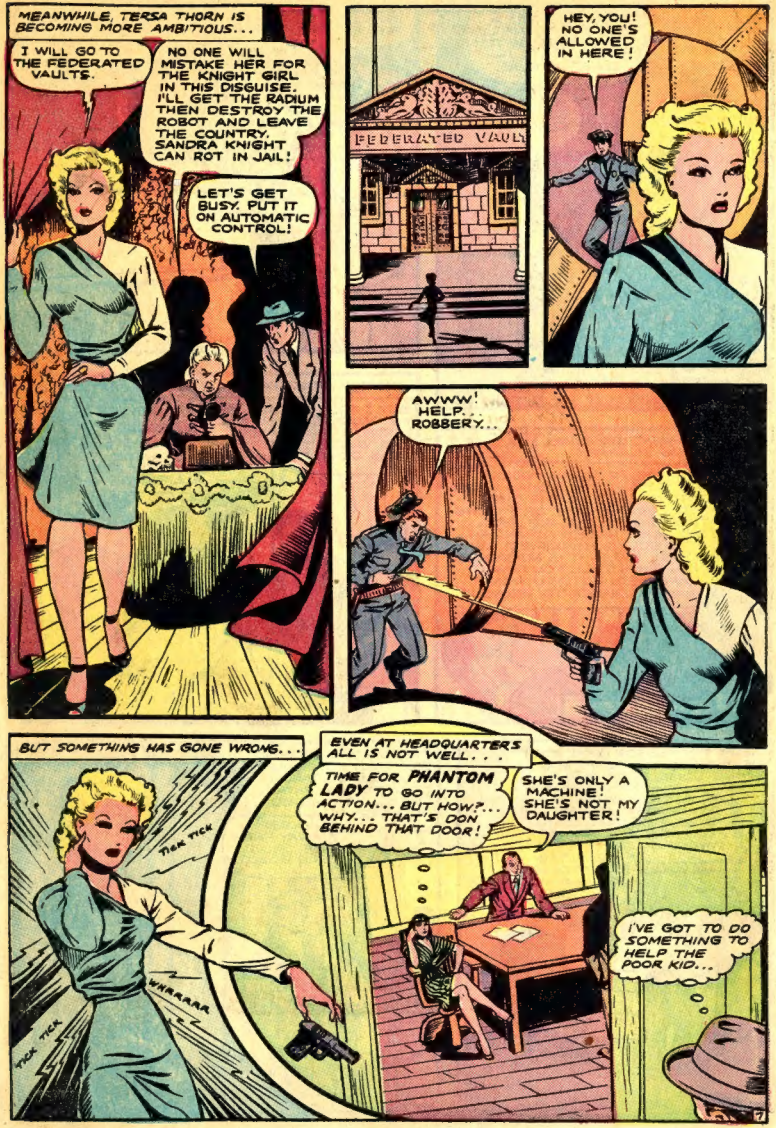

IN AND OUT, OUT AND IN... I'M TOO JUMPY FOR DIS KINDA WORK!
AT LAST WE GOT THE RIGHT DAME... WATCH THE SENATOR SWEAT NOW.
POLICE

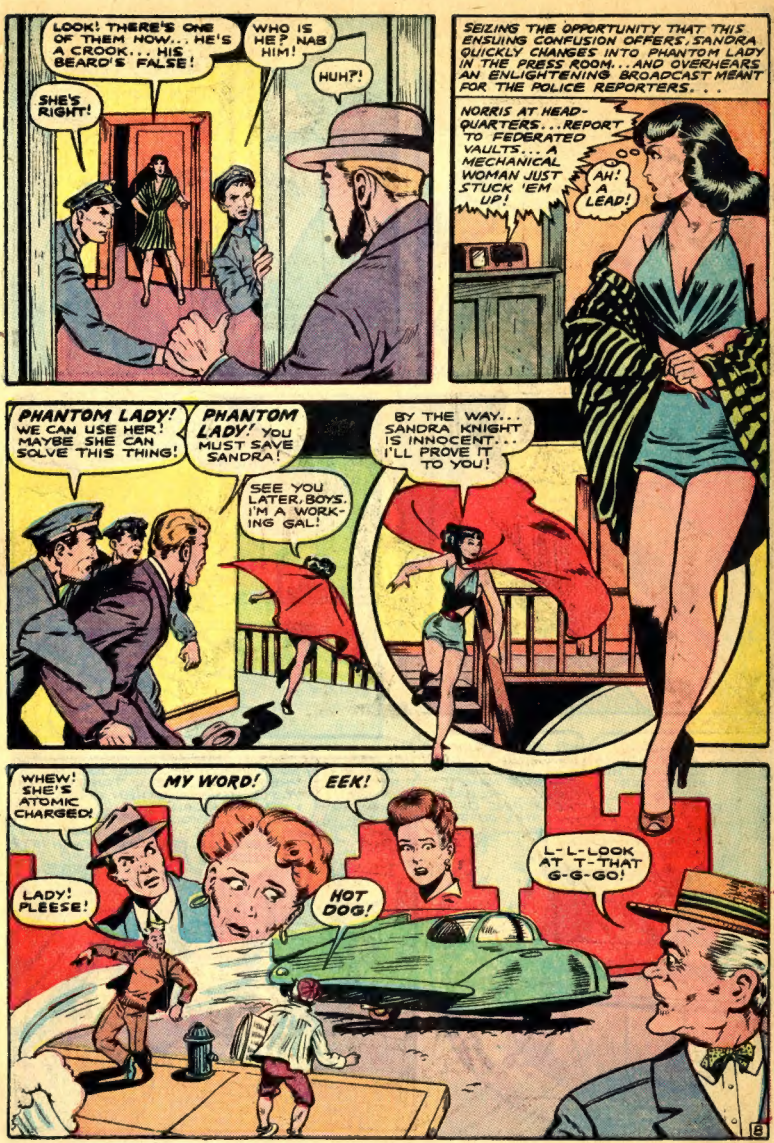

SENATOR KNIGHT SPEAKING. WHO IS THIS PLEASE?
REMEMBER TERSA THORN? THAT'S RIGHT, THE WOMAN WHOSE SON YOU SENT TO THE CHAIR... WELL, YOUR DAUGHTER'S GOING TO GET LIKEWISE, BIG SHOT... SHE JUST KILLED A MAN! AH, YOU SOUND HORRIFIED, SENATOR! RIGHT, IT IS NONSENSE. I'LL EVEN TELL YOU HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE IT!

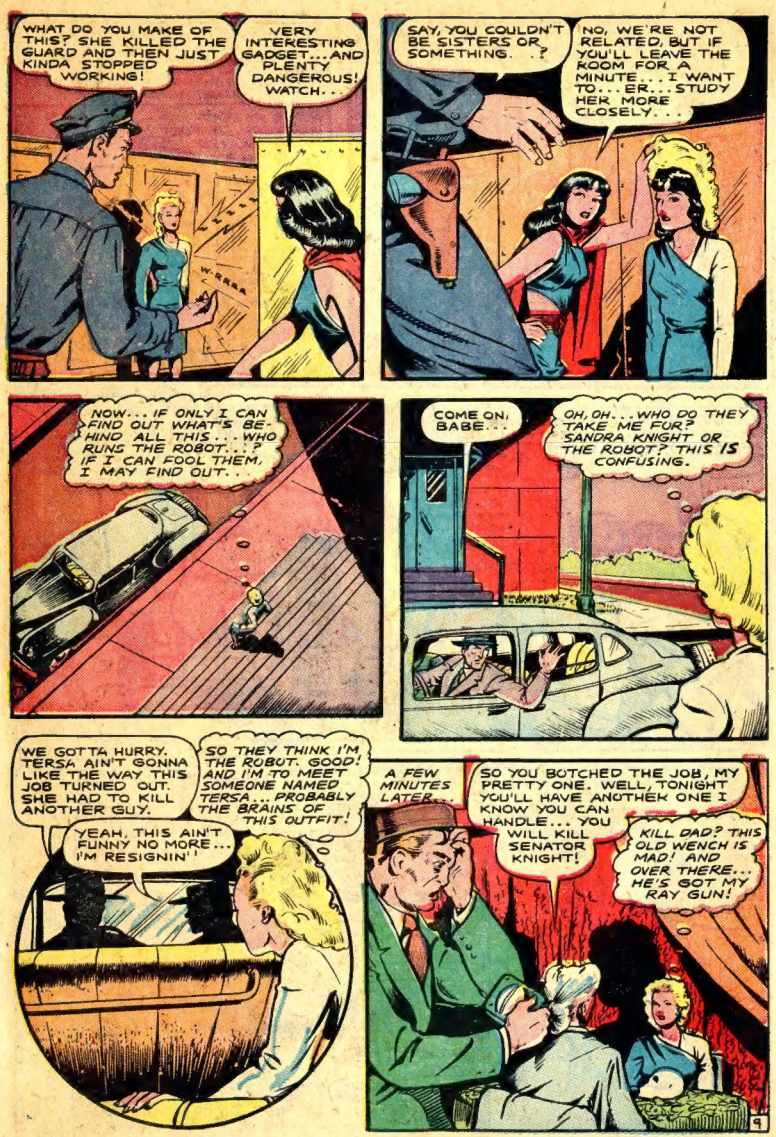
SHORTLY AFTERWARD...
OKAY, SENATOR, YOU CAN SPEAK TO YOUR DAUGHTER IF YOU WANT TO...
BUT I TELL YOU SHE ISN'T MY DAUGHTER... SHE'S A... A ROBOT! I KNOW HOW THE WHOLE THING WAS DONE!
IT WAS A BAD SHOCK, SENATOR... YOU SURE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?


HERR PROFESSOR BRAUNCH OF VIENNA... HERE TO EXAMINE SOME POOR GIRL WHO...
BETTER KNOWN AS DON BORDEN. I'VE GOT TO HELP SANDRA... I KNOW SHE'S INNOCENT!
YEAH, THE KNIGHT DAME... GO RIGHT IN, DOCTOR.

DAD! GOLLY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! SOMEONE SLUGGED ME AND I CAME TO IN A PATROL WAGON. GET ME OUT OF HERE...
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU... YOU ROBOT!
WHEW! WHAT IS THIS?
PRESS RO


MEANWHILE, TERSA THORN IS BECOMING MORE AMBITIOUS...
I WILL GO TO THE FEDERATED VAULTS.
NO ONE WILL MISTAKE HER FOR THE KNIGHT GIRL IN THIS DISGUISE. I'LL GET THE RADIUM THEN DESTROY THE ROBOT AND LEAVE THE COUNTRY. SANDRA KNIGHT CAN ROT IN JAIL!
LET'S GET BUSY. PUT IT ON AUTOMATIC CONTROL!
FEDERATED VAULT
HEY, YOU! NO ONE'S ALLOWED IN HERE!
AWWW! HELP... ROBBERY...
BUT SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG...
TICK TICK
WHRRRRR
TICK TICK
EVEN AT HEADQUARTERS ALL IS NOT WELL...
TIME FOR PHANTOM LADY TO GO INTO ACTION... BUT HOW?... WHY... THAT'S DON BEHIND THAT DOOR!
SHE'S ONLY A MACHINE! SHE'S NOT MY DAUGHTER!
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP THE POOR KID...


LOOK! THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW.. HE'S A CROOK... HIS BEARD'S FALSE!
WHO IS HE? NAB HIM!
HUH?!
SHE'S RIGHT!
SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY THAT THIS ENSUING CONFUSION OFFERS, SANDRA QUICKLY CHANGES INTO PHANTOM LADY IN THE PRESS ROOM...AND OVERHEARS AN ENLIGHTENING BROADCAST MEANT FOR THE POLICE REPORTERS...
NORRIS AT HEADQUARTERS...REPORT TO FEDERATED VAULTS... A MECHANICAL WOMAN JUST STUCK 'EM UP!
AH! A LEAD!
PHANTOM LADY! WE CAN USE HER! MAYBE SHE CAN SOLVE THIS THING!
PHANTOM LADY! YOU MUST SAVE SANDRA!
SEE YOU LATER, BOYS. I'M A WORKING GAL!
BY THE WAY... SANDRA KNIGHT IS INNOCENT... I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!
WHEW! SHE'S ATOMIC CHARGED!
MY WORD!
EEK!
L-L-LOOK AT T-THAT G-G-GO!
LADY! PLEESE!
HOT DOG!
8


WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS? SHE KILLED THE GUARD AND THEN JUST KINDA STOPPED WORKING!
VERY INTERESTING GADGET... AND PLENTY DANGEROUS! WATCH...
W-WHAA
SAY, YOU COULDN'T BE SISTERS OR SOMETHING...?
NO, WE'RE NOT RELATED, BUT IF YOU'LL LEAVE THE ROOM FOR A MINUTE... I WANT TO... ER... STUDY HER MORE CLOSELY...
NOW... IF ONLY I CAN FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS... WHO RUNS THE ROBOT...? IF I CAN FOOL THEM, I MAY FIND OUT...
COME ON, BABE...
OH, OH... WHO DO THEY TAKE ME FOR? SANDRA KNIGHT OR THE ROBOT? THIS IS CONFUSING.
WE GOTTA HURRY. TERSA AIN'T GONNA LIKE THE WAY THIS JOB TURNED OUT. SHE HAD TO KILL ANOTHER GUY.
SO THEY THINK I'M THE ROBOT. GOOD! AND I'M TO MEET SOMEONE NAMED TERSA... PROBABLY THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT!
YEAH, THIS AIN'T FUNNY NO MORE... I'M RESIGNIN'!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
SO YOU BOTCHED THE JOB, MY PRETTY ONE. WELL, TONIGHT YOU'LL HAVE ANOTHER ONE I KNOW YOU CAN HANDLE... YOU WILL KILL SENATOR KNIGHT!
KILL DAD? THIS OLD WENCH IS MAD! AND OVER THERE... HE'S GOT MY RAY GUN!
9

KEEP YOUR GREASY MITTS OFF THAT... I'M GONNA HOCK IT!
AWW...
STOP THAT SQUABBLING AND TAKE THE ROBOT UPSTAIRS UNTIL WE NEED HER!
SOON...
GOOD THING THEY MADE THINGS EASY FOR ME TO GET AWAY... NOW TO WARN DAD...
WE'LL LEAVE AS SOON AS THE ROBOT IS SENT OUT TO BRASE THE SENATOR. TRIGGER WILL STAY BEHIND TO DESTROY HER WHEN SHE RETURNS...
YEAH. HE OUGHT TO HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO KILL A ROBOT.
I DON'T FEEL LIKE KILLIN' ANYTHING... HEY, SOMEBODY'S KNOCKIN' AT THE DOOR...
I GOT A LETTER FOR TERSA THORN. OHHH...
DAT'S DA GUY WHAT WUZ AT DA TRAIN STATION!
ROCKABYE, NOSEY!
LISTEN TO THIS! "MRS. THORN: I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT THE ROBOT IS ALLERGIC TO RADIUM ACTIVITY... IN NO CASE ALLOW HER TO BE EXPOSED TO THE SUBSTANCE... IT WOULD RUIN HER DELICATE MECHANISM... SIGNED, PROFESSOR GUDDEL!"
BUT SHE WUZ IN DA VAULTS, AN' NOTHIN' HAPPENED!
YEAH, AN' SHE'S BEEN WORKIN' ON AUTOMATIC CONTROL TOO... OR HAS SHE?
I THOUGHT SHE ACTED STRANGE! BUT IF SHE'S NOT THE ROBOT... WHO...
I THINK I KNOW. THERE'S ONLY ONE DAME THAT GOES SNOOPIN' FER TROUBLE...
YOU MEAN PHANTOM LADY? I RESIGN! I DON'T WANTA MEET UP WID HER!

SLIM'S RIGHT... IT'S THE PHANTOM LADY! BUT WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET... WE'LL SET A TRAP...
YEAH, SHE'LL BE BACK. SHE DON'T KNOW WE KNOW WHO SHE IS..
I DON'T LIKE DIS...
AT THAT MOMENT...
TERSA THORN AND COMPANY ARE IN FOR ONE BIG SURPRISE! NOW TO START MY PLAN.
NICE AND QUIET... BET THEY DIDN'T EVEN MISS ME!
BUT...
WELCOME, PHANTOM LADY!
OHHH!
CHEE... WE CAUGHT HER!
OH, PLAYIN' ROUGH, EH? I'LL BLAST HER...
I'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM! DAD AND THE POLICE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE...
NO NOISE! HOLD THAT HEATER... GET A KNIFE!
MY RAY GUN... THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS... IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION.
AIN'T SHE SILLY LOOKIN'?
OOFF!

SLIM AND TRIGGER ARE BLINDED BY THE BLACK RAY...
WHAT THE...
OHH... CAN'T SEE...
THIS DOES IT... TWO OUT AND ONE TO GO!
SHE MUST HAVE READ MY MIND. I CAN'T LET HER ESCAPE... SHE'S THE BRAINS!
SHE CAUGHT THOSE FOOLS, BUT SHE'LL NEVER GET ME... NEVER!
THE BLINDING BLACK RAY IS REFLECTED ON A HALL MIRROR, AND ITS POWERFUL EFFECT SHUTS OFF TERSA'S VISION. AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE HELP PHANTOM LADY HAS BEEN EXPECTING, ARRIVES . . .
WELL, IF IT ISN'T TERSA HERSELF; COME TO WELCOME US. NAB HER, BOYS, SHE'S GOT A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO!
HELP! I'VE BEEN BLINDED!
SO THE STRANGER WHO PHONED US THIS TIP WASN'T KIDDING AFTER ALL!
NOW IF I CAN JUST GET THIS ROPE LOOSE, I CAN MAKE A GETAWAY BEFORE I'M DISCOVERED!
HEY! IT'S PHANTOM LADY! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THIS CLEANUP WASN'T AN AMATEURS JOB!
JUST IN TIME. MY SECRET IS SAFE.. NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHO PHANTOM LADY IS...
ONE HOUR LATER.
BUT WHERE DID YOU GO, SANDRA? WE SEARCHED. . .
A GIRL LIKES TO BE ALONE NOW AND THEN, DAD
YEAH? WELL HOW ABOUT SAVING SOME OF THOSE "NOW AND THENS" FOR ME? I'M YOUR BOY FRIEND, REMEMBER?
PHANTOM LADY THE GLAMOUR GAL OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE IN ANOTHER THRILLER IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

MYSTERY OF THE HIDDEN JEWELS

by
Paul Gary

DAN GARRET and Mike Mannigan, rooky policemen, were discussing the events of the morning as they cruised through New York's theatrical district in a police car on routine duty.

Only that morning Inspector Flanagan had talked to them about a case that would soon rock all New York. The famous financier and diamond-importer, Jonathan Fearless, had disappeared from his home and his office in the financial district. No one had seen or heard of him for three days. The entire police force was on the lookout, but so far there was not the slightest clue.

Later, as they sat over their coffee and doughnuts, they read the headlines. But the reporters seemed to know as little about the mysterious disappearance as did the police.

Suddenly, as they cruised along Broadway, they heard a call that startled them, over the short wave radio system:

"Proceed at once to Empire State Theatre on West 46th Street. Murder reported . . ."

Dan Garret and Mike Mannigan were right in the vicinity, and they raced to the spot with screaming sirens.

"At last," said Mike. "Things are beginning to perk up. I was beginning to be bored with this run. But something tells me things will pop from now on, and we'll be in the thick of it."

At the Empire State Theatre they pulled up sharp. Mike Mannigan began to race for the front door when Dan Garret stopped him.

"Not that way!" he shouted. "You will have to go through the audience, and you might start a panic. Try the alley over there. It will probably lead to the stage door."

Dan was right. It did lead to the stage door and they went on through to the stage. Quite a crowd had collected there beside the cast. The curtain had been lowered; the audience was leaving already.

Donald Cooper, the manager of the theater came up, and they asked him for details. First they cleared the stage.

"You members of the cast," ordered Dan, "just wait in your dressing-rooms. The rest of you wait in the corridor. Mike, see that no one here leaves."

Mr. Cooper told them what happened.

It was near the end of the first act. John Fearless and Maria Fontaine, the stars, were seated in the library. John Fearless rose and went to the piano.

"I will never give up the jewels," he said. "For this I have traveled across the seven seas, and I refuse to be scared into losing everything I have gained by my own efforts."

Then the lights went out and three shots rang out in the dark. Someone in the audience screamed, but that was to be expected. For this was the mystery play: "The Cry in the Dark." Then the curtain came down.

Mr. Cooper was in the box-office when a stage-hand came rushing out for him.

"You're wanted backstage, sir. There has been an accident. I'm afraid it is the star, John Fearless."

Mr. Cooper followed the stage-hand. John Fearless sat at the piano. He was bleeding badly from two wounds, but for some unaccountable reason he was playing the piano with his last strength. Mr. Cooper helped him to the sofa, and then raced for the phone. He called the police, and then drew aside the curtains and addressed the audience, which had returned for Act II.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "there has been an accident. I am afraid the matinee performance cannot be completed. As you leave the theatre, if you will stop at the box office, we will either refund your money or give you tickets for a later date. Please accept apologies of the management."

When Mr. Cooper returned to the scene of the shooting, Mr. John Fearless was dead. Maria Fontaine, star of many successes, sat beside him. She was sobbing. And that was all Mr. Cooper could report.

Dan called Maria Fontaine. She could add little to the evidence. They had gone through

the scene just as it was written. John Fearless had walked to the piano, and then there were three shots. The curtain fell.

But John Fearless did not leave the stage. He clutched at the piano, and sat playing. He was trying to tell her something, but one of the bullets had struck him in the throat and he could not speak. He was trying to tell her something by his playing, but she couldn't figure it out. Then Mr. Cooper came in and took charge. He phoned the police, and then addressed the audience. By the time he returned, John Fearless had collapsed. He was dead.

Dan asked the usual routine questions of the rest of the cast, and then Inspector Anthony arrived and took over.

"Inspector," said Dan, "there is one thing I would like to know. Is there any connection between John Fearless the actor, and Jonathan Fearless the financier who has disappeared?"

The inspector went to the phone, and in a few minutes he had the answer. John was the son of Jonathan Fearless, though they had been estranged for nearly a year. No one knew what they had quarreled over. The Inspector suggested that Dan and his pal go to the home of John Fearless on West 86th Street and look around. They were to wait there for the inspector.

"By the way, inspector," Dan asked, "isn't it a good idea to find out just what piece of music John Fearless was playing, if he meant it to be a clue?"

The inspector did think it a good idea, and Mary Fontaine gave them the answer. It was the "Moonlight Sonata."

On the way down to the big old house on West 86th Street, where the late John Fearless had lived, Dan hummed the "Moonlight Sonata." It made no sense.

As soon as they had entered the house, Dan asked the housekeeper whether John Fearless had been fond of music.

"Yes," said the housekeeper. "He often played the piano."

"Did you ever hear him play the 'Moonlight Sonata?' "

"There is a piece of music he ofted played, especially late at night. I do not know the name of it. Yes, it is the 'Moonlight Sonata.' I remember hearing it on the radio. And come to think of it, that was the music he played late last night. I seem to remember now. He came in very excited, and then he watched me as I went up to bed. But before I fell asleep I distinctly remember hearing him play that song. I could not help wondering about it."

The piano was in the huge library. The walls were lined with books on many subjects, mostly on the theatre. Dan and his pal searched carefully, but there was nothing that resembled a clue.

Dan sat down at the piano and idly played "The Moonlight Sonata," and his pal Mike stood beside him listening. Then they heard a voice say:

"Get your hands up!"

They turned. A section of the library shelves had swung out, and a man stood in the opening holding a gun. Now they understood what the music meant. They were to play the piano, and set off an electronic device attuned to the "Moonlight Sonata." When Dan played the tune, the wall swung open. Someone had been hiding inside. Here he was. They felt foolish.

"I have seen your picture," said Dan to the stranger. "You are Jonathan Fearless, the financier and diamond importer. Don't you know the police are looking for you? Of course, you must. You are hiding here, in the little room behind that bookcase. You are hiding because you killed your son at the theatre this afternoon. You quarreled with him, although I do not yet know why."

"You are a bright young man, but it won't do you any good," said the stranger. "I killed my son to protect myself, and I will kill you and your pal as well."

The housekeeper stood in the doorway. She disappeared for a moment. When she returned she held a broom in her hand. She reached out suddenly, and the broom knocked the gun out of Jonathan's hand. Mike tackled Jonathan and he came crashing to the floor.

Dan was already through the opening. There he found a satchel, and in it a fortune in jewels, famous jewels.

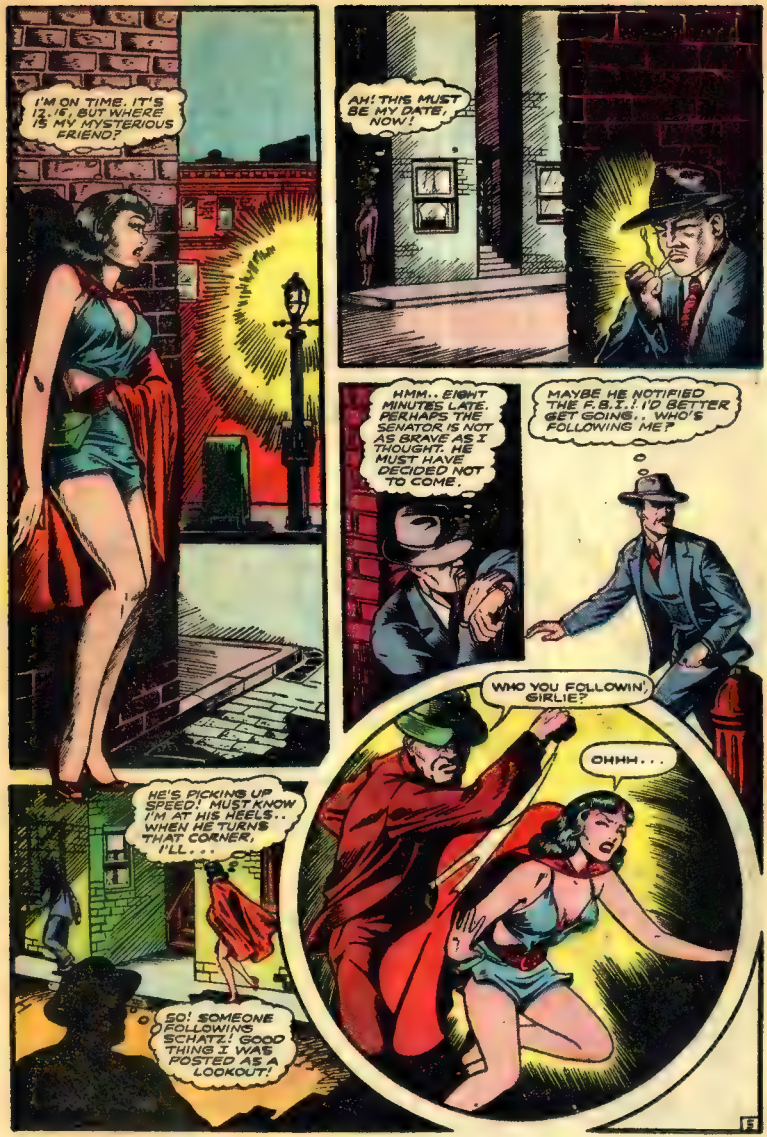
"We have been looking for these too," he announced. "They are the jewels the Nazis stole from various museums in Europe. You were trying to sell them for the Nazis. Your son found out, so you killed him. Mike, call the inspector. Tell him we have solved his mystery for him—the Mystery of the Hidden Jewels."

PHANTOM LADY
Gregory Page
AN EVIL TREE BEARS BITTER FRUIT. . DER FUEHRER MAY BE BROILING IN ETERNITY OR QUAKING AWAY TIME ON SOME EARTHLY HIDEOUT. BUT HIS BLOODTHIRSTY DECIPLES, THE GESTAPO, STILL REEL FROM THEIR FORMER POWER.. NOT LONG AGO YOUR RADIO SUDDENLY WENT DEAD, DIDN'T IT? THAT WAS THE WORK OF KNIGHTS OF THE CROOKED CROSS. WHO CAN TELL WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED NEXT IF PHANTOM LADY DIDN'T STUMBLE UPON THEIR CLEVER PLOT AND. . . .
BAKER

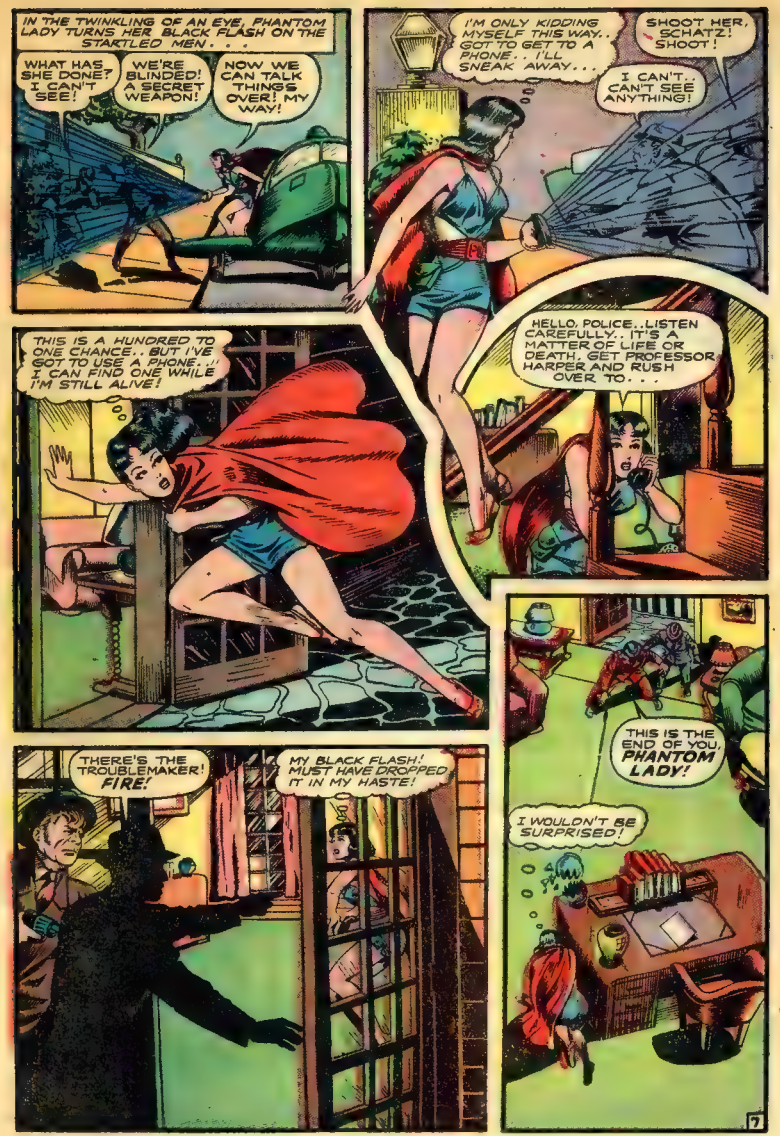
STUDIO A
THIS IS IT. ALL RIGHT!
DIRECTOR BURGESS? RIGHT IN THERE, HONEY.
THANK YOU!
INFORMATION
HELLO, GARY!
WELL, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, SANDRA KNIGHT! AFTER NOT SEEING YOU FOR MONTHS, IT'S JUST MY LUCK TO BE DUE ON THE AIR THIS INSTANT. STAND BY, WILL YOU?
..AND SO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE VITO-VITAMEN PRODUCTS PRESENTS THAT THRILLING DRAMA.. "THE GRUESOME TWOSOME"..
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
I'M READY! THIS FOOLISH AMERICA HAS A SURPRISE IN STORE TONIGHT!
IF IT WORKS, SCHATZ.
2

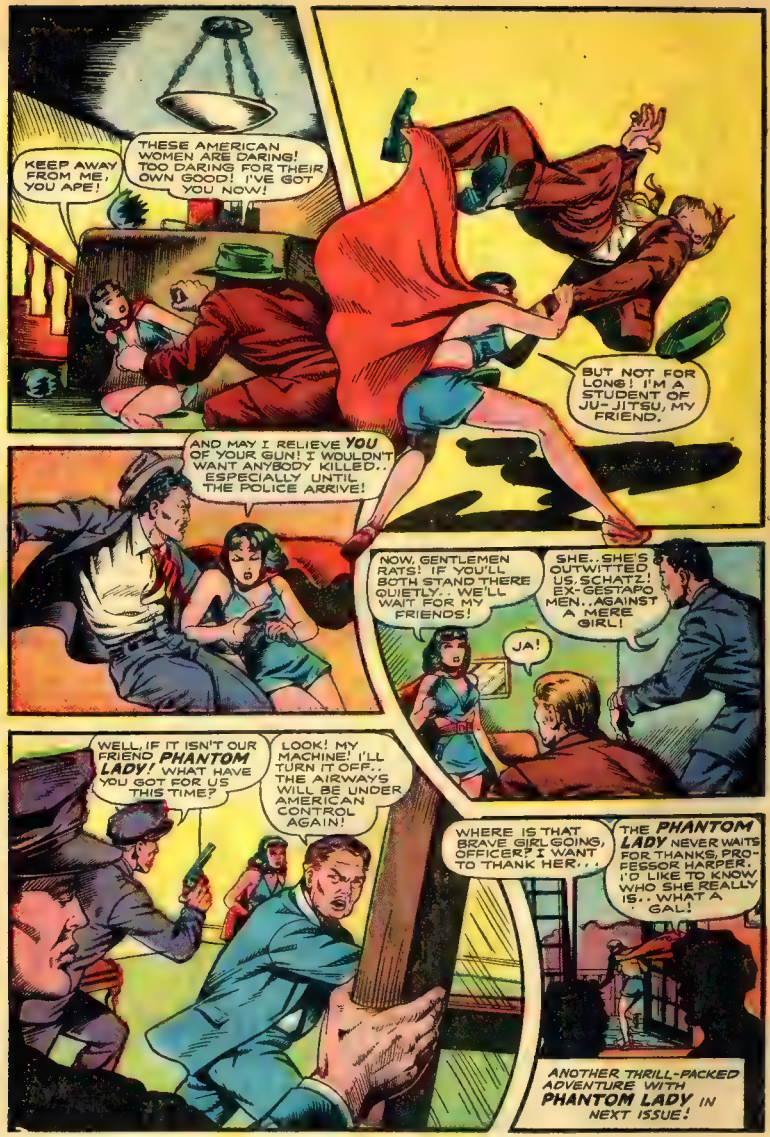
I'M CHECKING! NOTHING WRONG HERE!
HELLO! STUDIO 3-A? WHAT'S WRONG DOWN THERE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ON THE AIR. WE'RE NOT GETTING ANYTHING ON THE PLAYBACK!
HOLY SMOKE! THINK OF THE TIME WE'RE LOSING!
STILL DEAD!
I TELL YOU WE ARE BROADCASTING! NO, NO, NOTHING'S WRONG. CHECK YOUR CONTROLS AGAIN!
I THOUGHT THIS PLACE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE QUIET!
WHAT IS IT, GARY?
I'LL BE DARNED IF I KNOW! THEY SAY BROADCASTING ISN'T GOING OUT.
WHILE IN MILLIONS OF HOMES ALL OVER AMERICA . . .
HENRY! I WAS LISTENING TO THAT PROGRAM!
BUT I DIDN'T TURN IT OFF, DEAR!
WHAT'S DA MATTER WID DIS MOUSETRAP? ALL WEEK I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TA HEAR DA "RATMAN". COME ON, "PLAY.. PLAY OR . . I'LL DRIVE YA AGAINST DA WALL!
.. WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEIR RADIO? THEY DON'T SEEM TO HEAR! TRY THEM AGAIN!
CALLING CC 340.. CALLING CC 340.. NO USE, THEY DON'T GET ME THEY'RE GOING TO CRASH!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, FOLKS, THE AIR IS DEAD! MUST BE SOME STRANGE ATMOSPHERIC CONDITION!
WHY, THAT'S FANTASTIC, MR. BURGESS!
I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!
I'M ONLY IN THE WAY HERE.. I'LL CALL GARY IN THE MORNING.
MAYBE IT HAS A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION.. SUNSPOTS OR SOMETHING.. BUT IT WILL CERTAINLY GUM THINGS UP FOR THE WAR EFFORT!
THEN SUDDENLY YOU COULDN'T HEAR A THING! BUT I MEAN, JUST NOTHING! I MEAN NOT EVEN A BUZZ!
SANDRA! HAVE YOU HEARD THE TERRIBLE NEWS?
WHY, PROFESSOR HARPER! WHERE'S YOUR HAT.. YOUR TIE?
MY HAT, MY TIE?! WHO CARES ABOUT THAT. IT'S MY INVENTION FOR THE ARMY THAT'S IMPORTANT, AND IT'S BEEN STOLEN. THAT MACHINE CAN PUT EVERY RADIO STATION IN THE COUNTRY OUT OF COMMISSION. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS FOR PLANES FLYING BY RADIO-BEAMS?
GREAT SCOTT! YOU'D BETTER GET UP TO THE STUDIO, PROFESSOR
I CAN'T HELP THAT SITUATION. IF ONLY I HAD SOMETHING MORE DEFINITE TO WORK ON SAY, WHAT'S THIS.. A NOTE.. A DAGGER?!
SENATOR KNIGHT
IF YOU ARE INTERESTED TO HEAR MORE ABOUT RADIO DIM-OUT, BE ON THE NORTH WEST CORNER OF STATE STREET AT 12 15 SHARP!
IT'S FOR DAD! THE PHANTOM LADY WILL ENJOY THIS! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!


I'M ON TIME. IT'S 12:15, BUT WHERE IS MY MYSTERIOUS FRIEND?
AH! THIS MUST BE MY DATE, NOW!
HMM.. EIGHT MINUTES LATE. PERHAPS THE SENATOR IS NOT AS BRAVE AS I THOUGHT. HE MUST HAVE DECIDED NOT TO COME.
MAYBE HE NOTIFIED THE F.B.I.! I'D BETTER GET GOING.. WHO'S FOLLOWING ME?
WHO YOU FOLLOWIN', GIRLIE?
OHHH...
HE'S PICKING UP SPEED! I MUST KNOW I'M AT HIS HEELS.. WHEN HE TURNS THAT CORNER, I'LL...
SO! SOMEONE FOLLOWING SCHATZ! GOOD THING I WAS POSTED AS A LOOKOUT!

YOU FOOL, SCHATZ! SHE WAS FOLLOWING YOU! THERE MAY BE OTHERS. WE'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE!
OHHH...
OW.. MY HEAD! WHAT WAS IT.. THOSE MEN! MUSTN'T LET THEM GET AWAY! THANK GOODNESS I'VE GOT MY CAR!
THEY'RE ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT.. GOT TO HURRY.
WHAT LUCK! HOT ON THEIR TRAIL! BET THEY DON'T EXPECT THIS LITTLE SURPRISE!
SO THIS IS THE HANGOUT! WONDER IF THE STOLEN MACHINE IS HERE, TOO!
BUT. . .
WELL, PERSISTENT LADY! YOU HAVE WALKED INTO A SPIDER'S WEB THIS TIME!
GET OUT OF THAT CAR!
AND I WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO THINK YOU'D BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME!


IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE, PHANTOM LADY TURNS HER BLACK FLASH ON THE STARTLED MEN . . .
WHAT HAS SHE DONE? I CAN'T SEE!
WE'RE BLINDED! A SECRET WEAPON!
NOW WE CAN TALK THINGS OVER! MY WAY!
I'M ONLY KIDDING MYSELF THIS WAY.. GOT TO GET TO A PHONE.. I'LL SNEAK AWAY...
SHOOT HER, SCHATZ! SHOOT!
I CAN'T.. CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!
THIS IS A HUNDRED TO ONE CHANCE.. BUT I'VE GOT TO USE A PHONE.. I CAN FIND ONE WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE!
HELLO, POLICE.. LISTEN CAREFULLY.. IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH. GET PROFESSOR HARPER AND RUSH OVER TO. . .
THERE'S THE TROUBLEMAKER! FIRE!
MY BLACK FLASH! MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN MY HASTE!
THIS IS THE END OF YOU, PHANTOM LADY!
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED!


KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU APE!
THESE AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DARING! TOO DARING FOR THEIR OWN GOOD! I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
BUT NOT FOR LONG! I'M A STUDENT OF JU-JITSU, MY FRIEND.
AND MAY I RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR GUN! I WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY KILLED.. ESPECIALLY UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE!
NOW, GENTLEMEN RATS! IF YOU'LL BOTH STAND THERE QUIETLY.. WE'LL WAIT FOR MY FRIENDS!
SHE..SHE'S OUTWITTED US, SCHATZ! EX-GESTAPO MEN..AGAINST A MERE GIRL!
JA!
WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR FRIEND PHANTOM LADY! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US THIS TIME?
LOOK! MY MACHINE! I'LL TURN IT OFF.. THE AIRWAYS WILL BE UNDER AMERICAN CONTROL AGAIN!
WHERE IS THAT BRAVE GIRL GOING, OFFICER? I WANT TO THANK HER...
THE PHANTOM LADY NEVER WAITS FOR THANKS, PROFESSOR HARPER. I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO SHE REALLY IS.. WHAT A GAL!
ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE WITH PHANTOM LADY IN NEXT ISSUE!

"MINIT" MYSTERY

A "YOU BE THE DETECTIVE" THRILLER

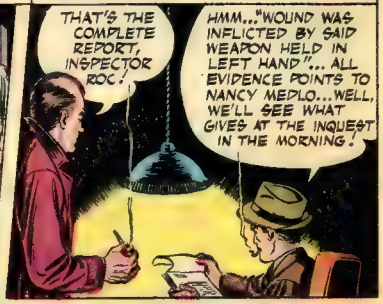
STARRING

INSPECTOR ROC

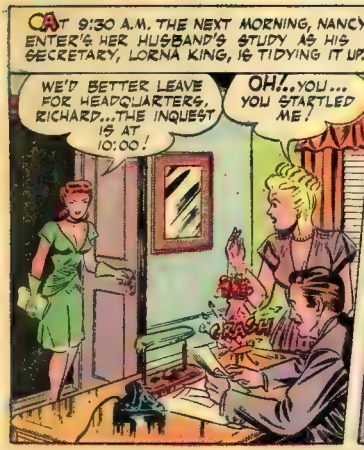
BY PAUL PARKER

NANCY MEDLO IS SUSPECTED OF THE MURDER OF HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER AND BUSINESS PARTNER, ROGER MEDLO, WHO LIVED WITH THEM AT THEIR SUBURBAN ESTATE... NANCY'S HUSBAND, RICHARD, HIS SECRETARY AND THE SERVANTS HAD BEEN OUT THE ENTIRE EVENING ...NANCY SAID SHE HAD DISCOVERED THE BODY AT 11 P.M. AND IMMEDIATELY CALLED THE POLICE...

AT HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR ROC FINDS FINGERPRINTS OF NANCY'S LEFT HAND ON THE MURDER WEAPON, A SILVER LETTER-OPENER... THE CORONER'S REPORT STATED ROGER DIED AT APPROXIMATELY 8:30 P.M... SINCE NANCY HAD ADMITTED BEING HOME ALL EVENING, HER GUILT SEEMED QUITE EVIDENT...


THAT'S THE COMPLETE REPORT, INSPECTOR ROC!
HMM..."WOUND WAS INFLICTED BY SAID WEAPON HELD IN LEFT HAND"... ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO NANCY MEDLO...WELL, WE'LL SEE WHAT GIVES AT THE INQUEST IN THE MORNING!

AT 9:30 A.M. THE NEXT MORNING, NANCY ENTER'S HER HUSBAND'S STUDY AS HIS SECRETARY, LORNA KING, IS TIDYING IT UP...



AT THE INQUEST, THE MEDLO'S SERVANT'S ALIBIS WERE VERIFIED BY RELATIVES WITH WHOM THEY WERE VISITING AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER... RICHARD AND NANCY MEDLO AND LORNA KING REMAINED FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING...

MISS MEDLO, THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO YOU, BUT AS YET, NO MOTIVE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED! PERHAPS, IF...

I THINK I CAN TELL YOU WHAT IT WAS, INSPECTOR... NANCY CONSTANTLY OBJECTED TO THE CLOSE FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN HER HUSBAND AND ROGER! ONCE, IN A FIT OF RAGE I OVERHEARD HER YELLING THAT SHE WISHED ROGER WAS DEAD!

WHY, YOU LYING, HUSBAND-STEALING #@*x!-

RICHARD HAS BEEN TRYING TO GET ME TO GIVE HIM A DIVORCE FOR MONTHS, SO HE COULD MARRY YOU! I DON'T KNOW HOW MY FINGERPRINTS GOT ON THAT LETTER OPENER BUT I'LL BET YOU AND HE... WAIT A MINUTE! I DO KNOW! IT WAS...

"...ONE NIGHT, ABOUT A WEEK AGO... I WAS AT MY VANITY, ABOUT TO FILE MY NAILS WHEN..."

NOW, HOW DID THIS GET IN MY MAKE-UP KIT?... THAT STUPID MAID...

I TOSSED IT ASIDE AND FORGOT ABOUT IT! I'LL BET ONE OF YOU...

ARE YOU INSINUATING THAT...

WE'VE PROVEN THAT WE WERE AT A BUSINESS DINNER...

OKAY, HOLD IT.

NO ONE HAS PROVEN ANYTHING! HOWEVER, FROM THE PAST HALF-HOUR OF OBSERVING YOUR GESTURES I'VE MANAGED TO SPOT THE KILLER.... YES, IT'S YOU...

FROM CLUES SHOWN IN THE PRECEDING PANELS, INSPECTOR ROC HAS IDENTIFIED THE MURDERER! CAN YOU? YOU BE THE DETECTIVE!

"...YOU, RICHARD MEDLO! YOU ARE THE ONLY NATURAL LEFT-HANDED PERSON PRESENT! I THINK A PROBE INTO YOUR BUSINESS WILL GIVE US THE MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME!

YES, I'M GUILTY! ROGER DISCOVERED ME TAKING OUR STOCKHOLDERS' FUNDS... I KILLED HIM WHEN HE SAID HE HAD TO TURN ME IN DESPITE OUR RELATIONSHIP... I PLACED THE GUILT ON NANCY SO I COULD MARRY LORNA! I'M GLAD IT'S ALL OVER! MY CONSCIENCE WAS DRIVING ME MAD!

BLUE BEETLE

AND THE MUMMY WHO NEVER DIED!

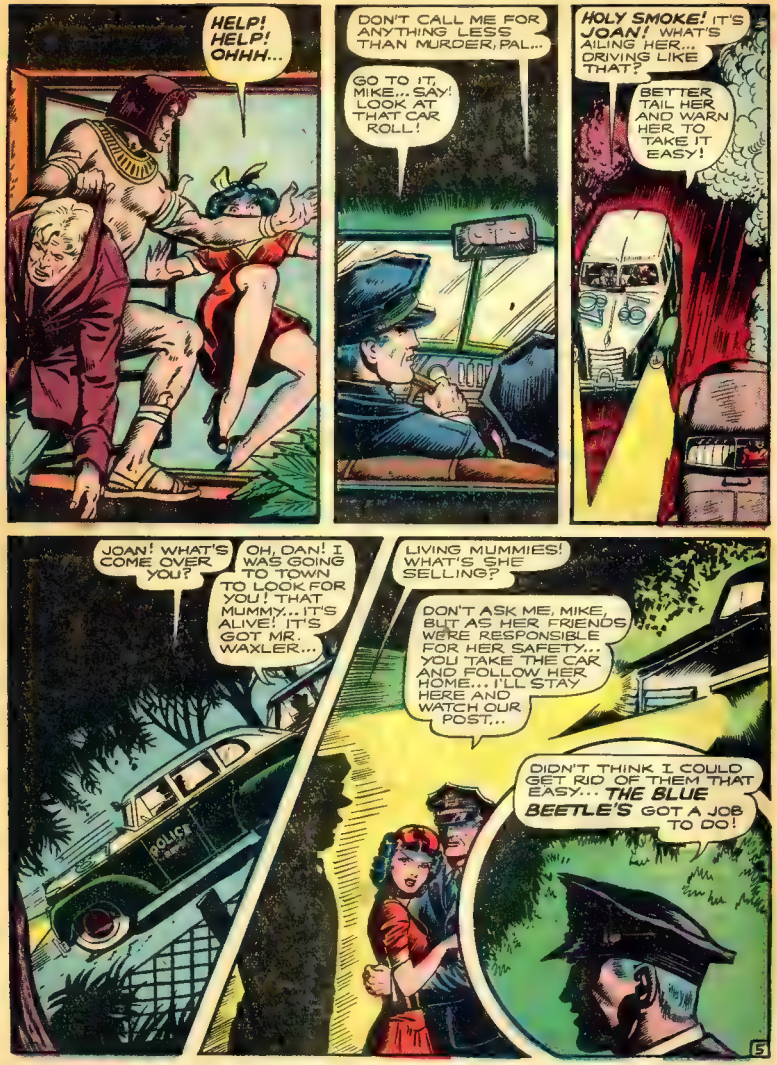
BY OTIS

LIFE, SMOTHERING WITH REVENGE, FLICKERED IN THE PETRIFIED REMAINS OF A THREE THOUSAND YEAR OLD MUMMY... WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT HE, "THE MUMMY WHO NEVER DIED," WOULD MEET UP WITH DANNY GARRET, A ROOKIE COP, BETTER KNOWN AS **THE BLUE BEETLE!** IT'S A BLOOD-CHILLING CONTEST WHERE ADVENTURE AND DEATH SCORE A TIE!

HAVE A SEAT, DAN. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE. JUST WANT TO GET AN OKAY ON SOME COPY FROM MR. WAXLER.
DON'T RUSH ON MY ACCOUNT, JOAN, I'VE GOT HOURS TO CALL MY OWN...
OH! SORRY... THOUGHT YOU WERE ALONE, MR. WAXLER.
NO... COME RIGHT IN, MISS MASON. MEET MISS LOUIS... AN AMAZING YOUNG LADY... AN ARCHAEOLOGIST!
BUT HE'D FILL IN GAPS OF HISTORY! THINK OF THE THRILL OF PUTTING LIFE INTO A SHRIVELED BODY...
MR. WAXLER, YOU MUST LOAN ME THE MONEY FOR MY EXPERIMENT. THE EXCLUSIVE STORY TO GO TO THE DAILY PLANET...
SORRY, MISS LOUIS, I SEE NO READERS' APPEAL IN BRINGING A THREE THOUSAND YEAR OLD MUMMY BACK TO LIFE...
MISS LOUIS. I'M A BUSY MAN. GOOD DAY!
YOU'LL REGRET YOUR DECISION, MR. WAXLER, AND YOUR SMILES...
PHEW! THE THINGS THAT GO ON IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE! BRINGING LIFE TO A MUMMY... PRETTY GRISLY BUSINESS! THE BLUE BEETLE WOULD HAVE HIS HANDS FULL IF THAT HAPPENED!
MR. WAXLER IS SORT OF UPSET, THANKS TO THAT STRANGE GLAMOUR GIRL THAT JUST LEFT! HE'S GOING OVER MY COPY TONIGHT AND I'LL PICK IT UP AT HIS HOME. NOW LET'S EAT. I'M STARVING.
NEVER A DULL MOMENT AROUND HERE, EH, JOAN?
2

IN PLACES OTHER THAN THE DAILY PLANET, THERE'S NEVER A DULL MOMENT EITHER!.. FOR EXAMPLE, THAT NIGHT IN THE METRO MUSEUM...
WHAT'S THAT? THAT NOISE...SOMETHING DRAGGING ALONG THE CORRIDOR...NO ONE SUPPOSED TO BE HERE BUT ME...
MUSEUM
TENOMO
NOOOOO!
IT WORKED! THE FOOL THOUGHT THE MUMMY WAS WALKING...THE REST WILL BE EASY!
TO CHANGE AN OLD SAYING, "THERE ARE MANY WAYS TO SKIN A MUMMY!"
SOME DAY I'LL LAUGH AT ALL THIS...HAVING TO STEAL A MUMMY AND USE A GARAGE FOR A LABORATORY TO GIVE THE WORLD THE SECRET OF BRINGING THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE..
MEANWHILE...
WELL, DANNY, MY LOVE...AND MIKE, MY PET...A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE... I'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO MY PUBLISHER'S HOUSE AND PICK UP THAT COPY..
THAT'S AN HOUR'S TRIP, JOAN! WISH WE COULD GO WITH YOU, BUT THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S GOT A PRIORITY ON US

WE'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO PATROL ELM AND OAK STREETS TONIGHT. THERE'S A POST FOR YOU! MIGHT AS WELL BE IN A GRAVEYARD!
NOT FAR FROM WHERE JOAN'S GOING! LOOKS LIKE A QUIET NIGHT!
HONK!
DID DAN GARRET SAY "A QUIET NIGHT?"
AHH! IT LIVES! I'VE DONE IT! NOW LET THEM LAUGH! LAUGH ALL THEY CAN, FOR SOME WON'T BE AROUND VERY LONG TO ENJOY THEIR STUPID JOKES!
X1817
NOT MUCH LATER, AT WAXLER'S HOME...
HM... QUITE A DRAUGHT! JOAN MUST HAVE LET HERSELF IN... THAT YOU, JOAN?
WHA...! KEEP AWAY... NO...
HELP! HELP!
MR. WAXLER SCREAMING! MUST BE IN TROUBLE!
OHH!


HELP! HELP! OHHH...
DON'T CALL ME FOR ANYTHING LESS THAN MURDER, PAL...
GO TO IT, MIKE... SAY! LOOK AT THAT CAR ROLL!
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S JOAN! WHAT'S AILING HER... DRIVING LIKE THAT?
BETTER TAIL HER AND WARN HER TO TAKE IT EASY!
JOAN! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?
OH, DAN! I WAS GOING TO TOWN TO LOOK FOR YOU! THAT MUMMY... IT'S ALIVE! IT'S GOT MR. WAXLER...
POLICE
LIVING MUMMIES! WHAT'S SHE SELLING?
DON'T ASK ME, MIKE, BUT AS HER FRIENDS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER SAFETY... YOU TAKE THE CAR AND FOLLOW HER HOME... I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH OUR POST...
DIDN'T THINK I COULD GET RID OF THEM THAT EASY... THE BLUE BEETLE'S GOT A JOB TO DO!
5

GOOD THING I TOOK THE TROUBLE TO CHECK MISS LOUIS' ADDRESS.. I EXPECTED TROUBLE FROM HER... BUT NEVER DREAMED SHE COULD ACTUALLY BRING THAT MUMMY BACK TO LIFE!
THAT'S RIGHT, CYTO... UP HE GOES... NOW FOR THE TUBE OF DEATH! MUSTN'T GET IT MIXED WITH THE ONE THAT GIVES LIFE, EH, CYTO?
THE BLUE BEETLE!
I'M LOOKING FOR MR. WAXLER...
GET HIM, CYTO! KILL HIM!
6

LOOK OUT, BLUE BEETLE! HE'LL KILL YOU!
I NEVER STRIKE A LADY, BUT A LITTLE PRESSURE ON THIS SPOT OF YOUR NECK WITH MY FINGERS WILL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR AWHILE...
UGG...
HMM... SOMETHING MADE HIM STOP! WELL, WHILE HE STANDS THERE TAKING IN THE SCENERY, I'LL JUST GET MR. WAXLER, AND...
OH-OH! HE'S FAINTED TOO, EH? IT'S GOING TO BE AWFULLY QUIET AROUND HERE...
WHAT IS YOUR HASTE, BLUE BEETLE? REMEMBER I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO DOESN'T FEAR YOU! YOU CAN'T HARM ME!
AHA! SO YOU CAN SPEAK, TOO!
BUT I GUESS I CAN SLOW YOU UP! YOU'RE A FEW THOUSAND YEARS OLDER THAN I AM!
SHE'S GOT ALL EXITS LOCKED.. WE'LL TRY THIS WAY.. NOW WHAT?
HELP! HELP!

A KNIFE WON'T HELP YOU NOW, PATRA... I DIDN'T WANT TO RE-LIVE, BUT YOU BROUGHT ME TO LIFE AND FOR THAT YOU MUST DIE!
HELP! BLUE BEETLE YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
BEFORE YOU PROTECT HER, YOUR MAJESTY... HEAR MY STORY...
I'M NOT A MAJESTY, BUT TALK... AND FAST!
IT WAS THE TIME OF AXRAX, 1000 B.C. IN EGYPT. I WAS THE OVERSEER OF A SLAVE-GANG THAT WAS BUILDING A ROYAL TEMPLE...
SOON THE TEMPLE WILL BE COMPLETE, THEN PATRA WILL BE MY BRIDE. SEE HER FACE IN THIS LOCKET. HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS...
NOT IF MY PLANS GO THROUGH, MY FRIEND...
"FINALLY, COMPLETION DAY ARRIVED... PATRA CAME TO ADMIRE MY WORK... BY HER SIDE WAS OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, KANIK..."
NOW, MY BELOVED, WHILE HE STANDS HERE SO FOOLISHLY SALUTING HIS SLAVES...
"I NEVER REALIZED PATRA WAS ONLY DISTRACTING MY ATTENTION AS SHE SPOKE WARMLY TO ME..."
A WONDERFUL PROJECT, CYTO...
I HOPE IT PLEASES THE KING. HE WILL SPEED OUR MARRIAGE, BEAUTIFUL ONE.
"A MOMENT LATER, THE TEMPLE WAS CRASHING TO THE GROUND... SLAVES SHRIEKED IN DYING AGONY, AND PATRA TURNED ON ME LIKE A TIGRESS..."
TRAITOR! IDIOT! WHY HAVE YOU DONE SUCH A THING?
I?... NO, PATRA... WHY SHOULD I DESTROY WHAT I JUST BUILT?
"SOON SENTENCE WAS PASSED. I WAS TO BE EMBALMED ALIVE... BUT WORSE STILL, I OVERHEARD PATRA AND KANIK SPEAKING..."
NOW I WILL BID FOR YOUR HAND, PATRA.
MY FATHER WILL GLADLY CONSENT. ONLY ARMS STRONG ENOUGH TO DESTROY A TEMPLE ARE STRONG ENOUGH FOR ME, SWEET KANIK!
I SEE THE TRUTH NOW! YOU'LL NEVER KILL ME! I WON'T DIE! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS CRIME, EVIL PATRA! YOU'LL PAY!

THIS EGYPTIAN LOCKET... WHY, IT CONTAINS A PICTURE OF YOUR FACE, MISS LOUIS!
IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S A TRICK... SOME CRAZY GAME I TELL YOU!
WAS IT A GAME YOU PLAYED MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, PATRA?
STOP HIM! THE FLUIDS IN THIS PLACE ARE HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE!
WE DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS PARTY... AS SOON AS I GET MR. WAXLER OUT OF HERE I'LL COME BACK FOR HER...
I'VE GOT YOU AT LAST, MY BEAUTIFUL BRIDE...
TOO LATE... NO ONE COULD GET THROUGH THOSE FLAMES!
I SIMPLY CAN'T GO HOME, MIKE, UNTIL I KNOW... WHY, DANNY!
WHA...
WHERE'S THE BLUE BEETLE? HE SAVED MY LIFE... THAT GARAGE... AND MUMMY... JOAN, GET TO THE PHONE... THAT MUMMY MUST BE CAPTURED! CALL FOR SQUAD CARS!
THEY CHECKED THE PLACE WHERE YOU SAID THE GARAGE WAS LOCATED... THERE'S NOTHING BUT BURNED GROUND!
...AND MISS LOUIS LEFT WORD WITH HER LANDLADY EARLY TONIGHT THAT SHE WAS LEAVING THE COUNTRY, MR. WAXLER, SO SHE MUST HAVE LEFT!
SHE LEFT ALL RIGHT... IN A STRANGE, HORRIBLE WAY...
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THAT SCREWY STUFF, DAN? FIRES... MUMMIES...
TOO DEEP FOR ME, MIKE. I'M ONLY A COP... YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK THE BLUE BEETLE... HE SEEMS TO KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS...
MORE THRILLS AND CHILLS WITH THE BLUE BEETLE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

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HAUNTED ORBS
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Most like the great of them because to members of your team. Like these examples. You can put in regular crystals, when you are in the mood. Easy to Order by No. 101

AUTO SPLOSION

The Old "Squish" under motor before and under the "Squish" has done to one of the owners to Chase that person a Riddle. Has it ever? Guess Target. Only 10c. Order by No. 113

LIFE-LIKE GLOWING SKULL MICROPHONE in the DARK

(A Actual Size

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